JUST PASSING THROUGH



Our great-grandparents have their turn.

Our grandparents have their turn.

Our parents have their turn.

And we have ours.

We're all just passing through. We're here....and then we're gone.

Gone where?

As for us, our life is like grass.
We grow and flourish like a wild flower;
then the wind blows on it, and it is gone— no one sees it again.
But for those who honor the Lord, his love lasts forever,
and his goodness endures for all generations
of those who are true to his covenant
and who faithfully obey his commands. (Psalm 103)

The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting....

... upon them that honor and revere him. That mercy does not end in death.

"He is not God of the dead, but of the living."

Jesus said to (the woman at the well),

"Every one who drinks of this water will thirst again,
but whoever drinks of the water that I shall give him will never thirst;
the water that I shall give him will become in him
a spring of water welling up to eternal life." (John 4: 11-14)



Prayer: Oh Lord, may our hearts turn to you and honor and revere you during these short lives we have. May we find and dwell in your everlasting mercy, your goodness, your steadfast love. May we faithfully obey you and keep your commands. May we drink of the water you offer us during this short life ... so we can find life now, not to be forgotten as we pass through and to be loved by you forever. Amen.

Maranatha Mirror

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